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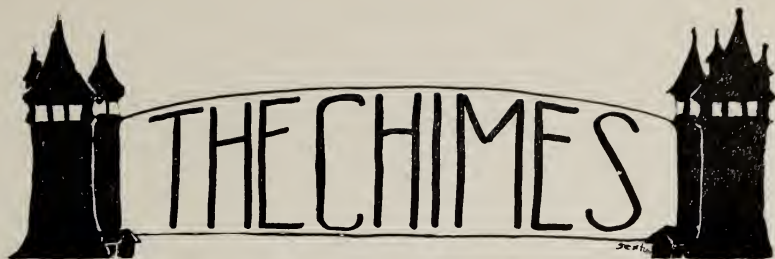
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# LITERARY

## HOW CAN AMERICA STAY OUT OF WAR?

JOHN STONE, '35

We are approaching in the world today one of the most dramatic moments in history. Can we say out of war, and if so, how? Every nation, except America, has at some time held sway over our great world. Let America hold sway! Let her conquer the world! Not with war but with her ideals.

"Is there going to be another war?" is the question on everybody's lips. There is great danger of one. Nations in Europe are preparing. The world feels insecure! The next question is, "Can we stay out of war?" This question is being answered with greater hope, greater faith. Americans declare they will stay out. What, besides our ideals, will keep us out of war?

Some say we should enter war to make the world safe, to end war, to foster ideals which may be involved. There is a cry that there will be no moral issue involved, and I believe that we should maintain a neutral position. But can we, when other nations are in conflict? We have tried previously to stay out of wars but have been drawn in because of some argument over trade. We sold our goods to fighting nations, and of course the fighting nations tried to prevent our selling arms and munitions to their enemy. They interfered; we protested; then WAR was declared. Should we not sacrifice our trade in time of war in order that we will not be involved in another world tragedy, in another conflict of nations? We must maintain a neutral policy, and we can do this only by giving up our war trade. This will be a most important factor in keeping America out of war.

Our ears are deafened to that glad old song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men." Has God been faithless to us because this promise has not been fulfilled? No, but we can look backward and see where we have failed God. This promise was sung to the shepherds, to common everyday people; and through them we must seek peace. To make peace a challenge, we must instill it in the hearts of the nations. To be instilled in the hearts of the nations, it must be instilled in the hearts of the people. In no other way can the divine promise be fulfilled. In no other way can we keep America out of war.



It is many years ago since the crowding mobs cried, "Let him be crucified!" And Pilate dipped his hands in water and said, "So do I wash my hands of this matter. See! I am innocent of His blood." Let America exclaim, only in a different sense, "So do I wash my hands of this matter of war. See! I am innocent of the blood of other nations."

---

## THE TRUE GLORY

GRACE REYNOLDS, '37

Cora Sue shifted the heavy suitcase from one hand to the other and sighed wearily. The newly-risen sun was hot, with promise of another day of scorching heat to come. The road swirled with dust that hurt her eyes and throat. She paused and, turning, gazed down at the valley which was shimmering in the August heat.

Down there was the little old farmhouse she had left at dawn. She thought of the three younger children who had been under her care since their mother had died, four years ago; and at the thought tears stung her throat and hastened unbidden to her eyes. She brushed them away and started on again, in the direction of the distant town and the train which would whirl her far away to the great city. At the thought of it, her step quickened and the burden of the suitcase seemed less intolerable. There waiting for her was freedom, comfort, adventure, romance perhaps, all the things she had dreamed about for years.

She had worked for this moment. It had taken her a year or more to save her train fare, with a little left over for a new dress, and lodging when she got to the city. But a still small voice inside of her whispered about the brothers and sister she had left, about the farm which might go to ruin without her work, about her father who might fall back into the shiftless self he had become after her mother had died. She stilled the voice and hurried onward. Rita, the oldest, was thirteen, old enough to look after her little brothers and take care of the farm and poultry. Her father was away on one of his intermittent jobs in a village some miles distant, and the children believed her to be going on a visit to her one close friend in town. By the time they had discovered where she had gone, she would be far away in the great city.

The sun grew hotter and hotter, and Cora Sue grew more tired. She sat down upon a convenient stone wall to rest her weary feet, and it was here that Barbara Bedford found her. Barbara saw the pathetic little figure, dressed in clumsy country clothes, perched upon the stone wall. She stopped the car, calling a friendly greeting to Cora Sue, and the awkward little country girl climbed in the shining car beside the perfectly dressed, beautiful woman. Cora Sue felt more than embarrassed beside

this lovely lady and she answered in monosyllables her comments on the weather and the country through which they were passing.

"It's perfectly beastly weather; isn't it?" remarked the woman.

"Yes'm, but it's often like this in August in this part of the mountains," replied Cora Sue awkwardly.

"Well, I prefer the city any time. I'm staying over at Benton's—they're having a house party—but I think I'll leave it and go home."

Cora Sue did not answer and conversation lagged until they were almost in town.

"Where shall I drop you, my dear?" asked Barbara.

"I'm headed for the railroad station, but if that's not in your direction, you can drop me anywhere in town."

"I might have guessed you were going there from your suitcase," laughed Barbara, looking with interest at the pretty, quaint figure beside her. "See here, it's only ten o'clock, and I happen to know that there is no train out of here for an hour. Suppose we have a bit of breakfast here in town?"

"My, that would be fine," sighed Cora Sue. "I didn't eat much breakfast this morning."

"You look as if you hadn't," said Barbara sympathetically, as she passed by the smart tea-room where she and her friends were in the habit of lunching and led Cora Sue into a small lunch-room. When they were seated at a tiny table, she said, "You haven't told me your name yet, dear, and I haven't told you mine. I'm Barbara Bedford of New York."

Cora Sue gasped. "Not the Barbara Bedford whose name is in the paper all the time?"

"Well," laughed Barbara, "perhaps I do get a bit of publicity but I've never done anything spectacular to deserve it. All I do is pose in evening gowns and look decorative." A note of bitterness crept into her tone. "But tell me about yourself. That is, I don't mean to be inquisitive, but you look rather young to be starting on a journey alone."

Cora Sue gazed at her a moment, wordlessly. Here before her in the person of this beautiful woman, was all she had dreamed of, hoped for, worked for. And suddenly words came from her in an eager rush. She found herself telling this sympathetic stranger all about her mountain home, her weak, though good-natured father, her unruly brothers.

"I've got to get away from it all! Don't you see? I must go to the city and become so much a part of city life that it will be as if all this" (she included the whole countryside in a wide sweep of her arms) "had never been. Oh Miss Bedford, you are the personification of all I want to be. You have wealth, sophistication, above all, you have background. You fit into the picture of city life, ease and pleasure and luxury! You never had to wash dishes or feed chickens or run after wild little children! I want to be like you. Don't you understand?"

While Cora Sue had been speaking a great change had come over Barbara Bedford. Suddenly she began to speak as vehemently as Cora Sue herself. "Oh, Cora Sue, if you only know what you were saying! You think that I have background! Why, I grew up in a little town just like this! I had no mother, and my father, while he was willing to help us, was weak. I had four unruly brothers to care for. Well, I got sick of it, just as you have, and I ran away. When I got to the great, glamorous city, I put my family and the little home town completely from my life. By a great stroke of luck I came into money and I painstakingly built up a social position. Then at the height of my success, I came back home, to look up my family and be magnanimous and generous to them. I found that my father had died. The gossiping wife of the innkeeper told me that after his only daughter had run away to the city, all the spirit seemed to go out of him and it was not long before he died. And my brothers had grown up into the type of boy who hangs around on street corners and never does any work. Two of them had served short terms in jail. Oh, Cora Sue, are you going to do what I did?" She stopped, overcome. "Come with me."

She led the girl out of the lunch room and drove off in the roadster, in the direction from which they had come. When they had arrived at the top of the hill overlooking the valley, she stopped the car.

Pointing down to the little house, she said, "Down there, my dear, is your duty and your life. I left my home and family to follow my own selfish aims, and see what happened to my father and brothers! Will you let the same thing happen to yours?"

Cora Sue gazed over the valley for a moment. Then she turned and said in a subdued voice, "I can't really say to you anything which will express what I feel. You've made me see. I'm going back down there and stay with them as long as they need me. I was a fool to think that happiness lay anywhere but here, for me."

She left the car, and Barbara Bedford watched her as she hastened down the hill towards the little house which was no longer dreary and old and forlorn, but was beautiful and glorified because it was *Home*.

---

Reckless Driver: "Hear them cylinders knockin'!"

Johanna (terrified): "It isn't the cylinders! It's my knees."

Mrs. Ward: "Think what a wonderful thing art is. With a single stroke of a brush I can change a smiling child into a crying one."

Fran: "That's nothing. I can do the same thing with a broomstick."

## The Value of a Smile

MARION MACOMBER, '36

The thing that goes the farthest  
Towards making life worthwhile,  
That costs the least and does the most,  
Is just a pleasant smile.  
The smile that bubbles from the heart,  
That loves its fellowmen,  
Will chase away the clouds of gloom  
And coax the sun again.  
It's full of cheer and goodness, too,  
With human kindness blent;  
It's worth a million dollars  
And doesn't cost a cent.  
There is no space for sadness  
Where we see a cheery smile;  
It always has the same good look  
It's never out of style.  
It spurs us on to try again;  
When failure makes us blue,  
The dimples of encouragement  
Are best for me and you.  
It pays a higher interest  
For it is merely lent;  
It's worth a million dollars  
And doesn't cost a cent.  
A smile comes easily enough,—  
A twinkle in the eye  
Is natural and does more good  
Than any long-drawn sigh.  
It plays upon the heartstrings  
'Til they quiver blithe and long  
And always leaves an echo  
That is very like a song.

---

"What is the matter with that chap over there? Everybody seems to sniff at him."

"No wonder. He's a bad egg."

---

She: "Dearest, I've made a cake that's a positive poem."

He: "And I suppose I'll have to be the waste basket."



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## THE LARGEST DOG SHOW IN THE WORLD

DOROTHY HARDCASTLE, '38

Great Britain long held the distinction of holding the largest dog show in the world, but now it must surrender its leadership to the United States. This particular show is sponsored by The Morris and Essex Kennel Club and is held on the polo field of the estate of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartly Dodge in Madison, New Jersey. I had the pleasure of seeing this show last May.

My impressions were many and varied. Its immensity amazed me as the show was set on the level lawn of a polo field of 360,000 square feet. In the center of the field were pitched fifty rings, in which, at ten o'clock in the morning, fifty judges from all parts of America, and some from Europe, awarded ribbons, cash prizes valued at \$15,000, and trophies, the value of which was about \$5,000. The dogs were benched in six tents, each 200 by 60 feet. Many other tents sheltered trophies, cafeteria, and smaller refreshment stands. About 10,000 cars, from every state, were parked outside the field, and about 35,000 people enjoyed this impressive and picturesque dog show. The exhibitors, of which there are about 2,500, enjoyed a free lunch and free parking. About 3,500 dogs were benched at this show, which lasts only a day.

All this was made possible through the generosity and thoughtfulness of one person, Mrs. M. Hartly Dodge.

---

## Never Quit

DOROTHY GORDON, '38

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,  
When your school work makes you almost ill,  
When your marks are low and the work's piled high  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,—  
When these troubles are bothering you a bit,  
Rest! if you must, but never quit.

Success is a failure turned inside out,  
Only silver tints of your clouds of doubt  
And you never can tell how close you are  
To an 'A' or a 'B' that seems so far.  
So stick to your fight when you're hardest hit;  
It's when work seems worst that you must not quit.

## FALSE ALARM!

MADELEINE BAILEY, '37

Old Jed climbed wearily up onto the high, high seat of his fire engine. It was the fourth time he had wearily climbed up onto the same high seat today. He scratched his head slowly and chewed his tobacco ferociously for a minute. After all, there *wasn't* much hurry anyhow, and fifty years as fire chief *was* a long time and there *had* been a lot of false alarms—three today—and the engine probably wouldn't start anyway.

Jed's mind flashed, or rather ambled back to the little fellow who had just come racing into the fire house and with a —“Maw says to tell ya the house is on fire”—raced out again. The fire chief surmised that it was a Hopkins because there were at least a dozen Hopkins hopping around (Jed always laughed at his own little puns and told himself he wasn't old yet) and they were about all the same size.

Well, he might as well go down and see the place if he could get the engine started, but he didn't see why he was so tired all the time—maybe he was hungry. He'd had a huge appetite since his seventy-fifth birthday last week and he hoped that his housekeeper, Mrs. Lane, would have turnips for dinner—how queer to want turnips.

Finally the engine started with a jerk, and Jed drove crazily down the street. He didn't drive very fast because he had a sudden fear of hitting someone. He wished with all his might that his helper hadn't gone to the city and that he'd reach the farm quickly.

Well! He did reach the fire, and it was queer but there was a fire and a big one too. Jed began to laugh softly—then to cry softly. Old fool! Why didn't he drive nearer and get excited about it? He really felt silly but very comfortable, and there seemed to be an immense crowd of people. He recognized his old pal Jerry yelling with the rest of them. He laughed again and murmured “I wonder if we'll have turnips for dinner.” . . .

“Gosh! Look, Jerry!” hollered an old man. Jerry looked, shook his head sadly, and remarked, “I wonder who'll be fire chief now old Jed is gone!”

---

Farmer: “If things get too bad, we can eat our forest preserves.”

City Boy: “You've nothing on us; we can eat our traffic jams.”

Miss Colburn: “Who was king of France at that time?”

Mutt: “Louis the cross-eyed.”

Miss Colburn: “Where did you find that?”

Mutt: “Right here in the book.” (It said Louis XI).

## Q2

THEODORE VINAL, '38

Marston College was a large place, one of the best institutions in the country, until it was destroyed by the recent disaster, that raging inferno which swallowed up the building along with that monster who nearly caused the demoralization of a whole town,—but I am getting ahead of myself.

I was a reporter on the "Marston Watchman" at the time. The chief characters in the drama were Louis La Rue, a college student, Dr. Kingston, and Professor Ivan Kelski.

La Rue was a big fellow, popular, and good-looking, and he had a mania for science. He spent all his spare minutes in the "lab" with Doctor Kingston and Kelski. Kingston, the chemist, was a rotund man of about fifty, with steel-gray eyes behind his tortoise shell glasses. Professor Kelski was a Russian by birth and had attained a high degree in biology. Everyone in school was in deathly fear of him. His hypnotic eyes would flash around the classroom, and the room would be quieter than the Morgue. He had a satanic face and features. These three, La Rue, Kingston, and Kelski, were closer friends than the "Three Musketeers."

Always in the school's completely outfitted laboratory they were to be found,—after school, at night when everyone else was asleep, and in the morning before school. They had one room, the junior operating room, which they kept locked up, and there was a "Danger" sign on the door.

A basketball game was scheduled for that eventful night in January. The wonder team of State College was playing Marston, and the great auditorium was filled with spectators, who were to see more than they wished. Kingston, Kelski, and La Rue were up in the laboratory as usual, and I was in the front row of the balcony.

State was leading, 6-0, after the first ten minutes of play. Ledesky, Marston man, had a free try for the basket, because of a foul. In the stillness while he was poised for the shot, the cracking of wood, a terrifying roar, and a high-pitched scream, all blended together, were heard.

Ledesky stood on tiptoes, with his mouth wide open. An excited buzz rose from the gathering. A policeman hurried out to investigate. The sound came from the direction near the "lab."

The referee's whistle blew, and the game proceeded. Ledesky dropped the ball through the basket, and a mighty cheer welled through the hall. The game was in progress at the opposite end of the court from the doors that led into the school proper. A terrific bang resounded through the hall and I turned to see the doors drop to the floor, literally torn off their hinges.

Those that could see the open doorway turned into a shrieking, shrinking, milling mob. Then the thing came in and everyone saw it.

It is very hard for me to describe it, but it was gigantic. It was some kind of animal, though not of a species a zoologist would know. It had the head of a mouse, long arms like an ape's, and large muscular legs shaped like a horse's. It stood there, its feet braced, its long fangs bared. The creature advanced into the hall, moving awkwardly but with the suggestion of limitless power and strength.

Men, women, and children were scattering out of doorways, yelling, knocking each other down. Men were choking, biting, clawing each other for an opportunity to fling themselves out of the door.

I was paralyzed. Fear gripped me with its icy, cold fingers. I couldn't move, couldn't speak, could hardly breathe. I wanted to run, run anywhere away from there. I couldn't move! But that very inability to move made me a witness to what followed.

La Rue and Kelski ran in through the doorway, into the hall. Shouting at the beast, they charged him. He stared at them dumbly, shook his massive head, and advanced on them. He picked La Rue up in a mighty paw and dashed him to the floor, where he landed with a sickening crunch. Kelski raised a bottle he had in his hand and heaved it at the head of the towering monster. The bottle broke into a thousand pieces and the beast was instantly wrapped in flames.

With a howl of anguish, he rolled and threshed about on the floor, demolishing everything in his way.

Chairs cracked, floor boards came loose, everything not made of metal was broken, and in some cases the metal was badly bent.

Small flames sprang up here and there. Boards rapidly caught from each other. Kelski woke me out of my lethargy by shouting, "Hey, you. Come on!" I ran down the stairs and followed Kelski out of the door. This he quickly shut and barred.

The school was a seething inferno of flames. Someone had turned in an alarm, and our fire apparatus and those of neighboring towns were on the way.

As I ran down the driveway, I tripped and stumbled over something. Mechanically I stopped and picked it up, then continued on my way.

I don't think I stopped until I reached my own house. Everyone was in bed, for which I was indeed thankful. I went to my room and turned on the light. Examining the object I had picked up, I found it was a large, black notebook, with the name "Louis La Rue" engraved upon it.

I read the entries in it with conflicting emotions. I could not understand half of what it said, but I gathered that La Rue, Kingston, and Kelski were studying and experimenting with hybrid animals. Their final result was a small animal with parts of a monkey, a horse, and a mouse.



The experiments were proceeding nicely, until one day they noticed that the animal seemed larger. The next day there was a marvelous change. He was twice as big as before! The following day he was three times as large. He kept on growing at this rate for three more days.

I hereby set down La Rue's last writings in the book: "Kingston has just arrived. We are ready to experiment with the beast. He is in his cage. We are going to try to teach him something. Kelski is opening the cage door. Kingston told me to write down events as they occur, so I shall. The beast looks dazed as he walks out of the cage doorway. He is coming alive now. His reactions to us are superb.

"A fiery gleam enters his eyes. Those translucent organs are full of evil intentions. Kelski and Kingston run toward him. Kingston is grabbed in the mighty paws of the beast, torn limb from limb, right before my horrified eyes.

"With a final shake, he throws Kingston down and dashes out the door —." That was the last writing La Rue ever did.

Kelski and I became close friends after the tragedy. Now some nights when I visit him in his home laboratory, we sit and talk about that monster and the two men who were killed by it.

"You know," Kelski remarked, "it's lucky I picked up that bottle of phosphorus when I left the "lab" after the beast. It came in handy when I broke it over his head."

Later, when the ruins were examined, a large, queer-shaped bone was found, which undeniably must have belonged to the monstrosity called Q2 by Kelski.

Yes, Q2 is dead, but I can still see his ugly face leering into mine, feel his hot breath, see his sharp teeth and claws reaching for me. Somehow I can't believe that Q2 is dead.

But Q2 is dead, so says Kelski; and so believing Kelski, I shake off my fears and step out into the night to attend the theatre.

---

## PUBLIC BUS ENEMY NO. 1001

EDYTH DAMON, '37

I have in mind certain people who get into the buses out here around three o'clock. I have my own name for these specimens, who flash fingers in your eyes, grab for your throat and luckily miss. They are "infantile busomaniacs." People like that should get into the buses first, for they're wobbly on their pins. Let those who have consideration for others and who eat their spinach, stand.

There is in most buses something to hold on to, if passengers stand. Do they use it. No! Even their upper limbs are restricted from use. If the bus should hit a familiar bump, around one hundred and twenty-five pounds comes down. It lands, but not on "terra firma." It lands on you, the innocent "by-sitter," unceremoniously falls on your lap, squashes your lunch, and tosses your books thither and yon. The baby pachyderm finally gets up by pulling and hauling on whatever is handy, usually the victim's coat, then apologizes like this:

"Oh!" (a big "oh" at that) "I'm so sorry, I didn't know it was you."

What did he think it was, a butler with a red, plush chair?

This incident happened recently; it is one of the many. The young lady of whom I speak is a very nice freshman, but she simply cannot stand on her feet. She is one of those who totter, and describe with their hands. She had something interestingly "cute" to tell somebody four seats away. Thoughtlessly she leaned over the four, to whisper, demolishing everything that was not buttoned down. How pleasantly suffocating! Suddenly the bus hit a bump. Down she came like an avalanche, lurching, then grabbing others with her. She arose with everything but what she herself owned. I can remember losing a coat button, which flew straight and true, like grapefruit juice, into someone's face. What's to be done, my bold hearties? Someone has suggested Wheaties, but I think they need something even stronger.

---

## The Sunset

LUCILLE PIKE, '37

The golden and crimson sunset,  
That colors the sky above,  
Sends its beautiful radiance  
Down to the earth we love.

Dashes of red and bluish green,  
With mixture of other hues,  
O'er all the glorious world are seen  
Amid the sky of azure blues.

It colors the pine trees near and far  
And paints the birds in the nest.  
By and by comes the evening star;  
Then all the world is at rest.

## THE PRICE OF THE DESERT

EDWARD MEANY, '39

John Doyle was an adventurer by nature rather than by choice, but undoubtedly this was by far the greatest of all his past adventures or those which might occur in his future travels.

At present his feet were blistered to a raw red from walking long weary miles in the burning Sahara sands. At dawn his camels had departed in quite a hurry because they had taken a notion that a lizzard was very rude to bite their hoofs. They took with them Doyle's every drop of water, his every crumb of food, and every means by which he might have protected himself. The sun had climbed high in the heavens and had poured down in an unmerciful manner her burning rays upon his unprotected skull. As the heat was unbearable, he had slipped off his shirt and wrapped it around his head, leaving his back bared. He walked, stooped forward that his face might escape being burned and cracked. However, it was not long before his back became by turns, dry, then raw, finally blackening and cracking as it bled horribly. His tongue swelled and his throat was dry and parched from the lack of water. His brain was dazed and muddled when that deadful mirage flashed from his mind to his eyes. He staggered forward mumbling in his semi-consciousness, knelt down and plunged his face where he thought the liquid was, only to bury his face into the burning sands.

The shock awakened his dull brain and cleared it long enough for him to realize that he was fast losing his grip and that sleep from which he would never arise was coming upon him. Then he heard a rumble in the distance, but he believed it to be his imagination. As he looked toward the sky, he staggered, tripped, and sprawled headlong into the sands. He thought how glorious it was to lie down, but his brain cleared once again and he clambered clumsily up and plowed along. Then all of a sudden came a crash. Darkness came on rapidly, and he lay in the sand unconscious. For hours it seemed as though rain poured down on his motionless figure. His blackened back and its cracked flesh became soft and tender though it was blistered fearfully. Dawn was hours away as the rain ceased, but a breeze had sprung up, a cool, soothing breeze that gently blew the tattered shirt from his head and touched refreshingly his fevered brow. Beyond his cruelly-tortured body lay a small oasis. He awoke and saw it, and thinking that his brain was clear, he felt the sand. It was wet so he began to drag his weary, broken body toward those swaying palms. After minutes of dreadful agony he reached the shelter of those trees and plunged his face into the cold pool of water. Between draughts he gulped down great quantities of cool refreshing air. When he had finished, he lay back and slept. He seemed to think he was sinking into chaos. Was his body floating? He opened his eyes. Where was he, why these white sheets.

this room? As he tried to rise to a sitting position, his head swam in misery and he was gently pushed back.

Outside the door an Arab was talking to the doctor and was saying, "We found him lying in the burning sands and it looked as if he were trying to get to the oasis nearly fifty yards away, Sahib. He was delirious and was mumbling something about sinking into space."

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## " M "

PHILLIPS WEEKS, '39

Garry Summers could be depended on in a game. He was cool and didn't lose his head. But Garry was hot-headed, fiery, and quick-tempered on the campus.

As he was strolling along the Arrowhead campus towards the post office, several students greeted him with, "Hi, Garry, ol' kid! How's things?" Popular fellow, Summers! He went into the post office and came out with a letter. He ripped it open and read:—

"Dear G.: The 'Herald' says you're going to pitch the State game. Here's a bet you lose it!—M."

The letter was from his sister Mabel. Good old Mabel, always betting against him!

"Hello, Garrison," a voice rang out. Garry looked up. It was "Pop" Ecker, star first-sacker of the nine.

"Oh, hello, 'Pop,'" came the delayed reply. Garry looked down at the letter in his hand guiltily. Darn it, why did "Pop" have to come along now! "Pop" asked Garry if he was going over his way so they both went to the locker room.

Garry felt rotten. His pitches couldn't find the plate. Moreover, what troubled him was that Coach Harvey had acted queer towards him.

He started to pitch to State's first batter, Bowerman. The batter got a fluke hit. The next two rolled grounders to him, and he flubbed both.

"I'll get going in a minute," mumbled Garry. "Pop" Ecker came over from first. "I guess there'll be no more minutes for you in this game." And sure enough, Coach Harvey was sending in Pat DuBois to pitch. Being yanked in the first inning wasn't so good.

Garry trotted off the field and went to the bench where the coach was yelling, "I should have done it before. I knew you'd be trying to throw the game away." Garry started to say something, but the coach stopped him. "Keep quiet, I'm talking now. Is this yours?" he asked, producing a letter. Garry looked down at it. Good heavens! It was the letter his sister had written.

"Coach, let me expl—!" Garry started.

"I don't think there's any need for explaining. It's as plain as the



nose on your face that you were trying to throw the game away. I've had about enough of that sort of playing. Now go on in and turn in your suit. That'll be all."

Garry was amazed and dejected all at the same time. He turned and walked slowly into the clubhouse.

After the game "Pop" came up to Garry's room to have a talk with him. "I guess I'm the only one who believes that letter came from your sister," he said.

Garry replied, "Gosh, I thought Harv was a good guy but he turned out to be different."

"Yes, he's pretty strict, but he's fair. Why don't you go and try to tell him or prove to him the letter came from your sister," advised the first-baseman.

"Oh, he wouldn't listen," came the dejected answer.

Well, Garry didn't go and a week later Arrowhead was starting a three-game series with State College. Andy Lowry had been bearing the pitching load on his shoulders, since Pat DuBois' arm had gone bad.

Arrowhead broke even in its next two games.

It was just dawning on Garry that he should go and have it out with Coach Harvey. But he didn't have the courage.

Harvey weakened a little and let Garry pitch the first game against State. He had a hard time getting going, but when he did! They only got six hits from his deliveries.

After the game, Garry went to a telephone and called his sister.

"Hello, Mickey? We won. Yeh, I allowed six singles. Swell. Yes, sure. There's another bet you lose. So long."

He turned around to see Coach Harvey and "Pop" standing beside him.

"Who was that on the phone?" asked Harvey.

"My sister," came the answer.

"Since when have sisters been called Mickey?"

"Oh we've always called her that."

"Say, that explains the letter. It was signed 'M'."

"Yeh, Mabel always bets against me and she feels that I can't lose."

"Why didn't you tell me that?"

"You didn't ask me. All you did was accuse me."

"Garry do you feel well enough to go out and beat State again tomorrow?"

"I guess so. There'll be a bet down that I lose!"

"There'd better be," grinned Coach Harvey.

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Maid: "While you were gone, ma'am, your little Willie swallowed a bug, but don't worry. I had him take an insect powder."

## AN ITALIAN SCHOOL

ANGELO FONIRI, '39

The school to which I went in Italy was in a room in one of the houses of the town. This room seated about twenty-five pupils. We had to buy our own books, paper, pens, and pencils. The prices of these were very high. The main subjects were arithmetic, spelling, writing, reading, and history.

I went to school from 8 to 12 o'clock. Before the end of every school day the class sang the National Anthem.

All the pupils had to walk to school because there were no buses for transportation. Many of the boys and girls lived outside of the school district. However very few were absent during the year. The whole class would go on a hike up the mountain almost every week provided all the pupils learned their lessons.

Many times the father of a boy or girl would give the teacher the privilege of keeping pupils after school until their lessons were learned. But most of the time it would be a boy who stayed after, the girls always getting a "break."

We did not have any physical training at all. There were no recess periods between classes.

At the end of every school year examinations were held in a larger school in the center of the town.

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## Minot's Light

MARGARET FALLON, '38

I, Minot's light, am very old;  
I stand in the deep blue sea  
Sometimes I find it bitter cold  
But I'll not complain, not me.

I flash my message 1-4-3  
In every kind of weather;  
And I love to watch a ship at sea  
Tossed about like a feather.

I guide the ships that are lost at sea.  
They send me a word of cheer  
And I always answer 1-4-3  
Every day of the year.

## A VISIT TO A PIGEON LOFT

MARY SCHAFER, '37

One Sunday afternoon I went with my father to Cambridge to see a man who keeps pigeons. The place was in the middle of the city, and I couldn't see how anyone could keep birds in such a small space. However, I soon found out my mistake.

We went around to the back of the house, where the birds were kept, and what a sight met my eyes! It seemed as if there must be millions of pigeons. Of course there weren't, but there were a good many. Brown, black, white, yellow, red, and blue—they were all colors of the rainbow. Homers, Barbs, Kings, Whitesides, Tumblers, Tipplers, Saddlebacks, Fantails, Nuns, and so many other kinds that it would take all day to name them. Out of two hundred pigeons, there were not two pairs alike.

In one corner I saw a White King, a gigantic bird with dark, red-rimmed eyes, and snow-white plumage. There was also a Silver King, about the same size as the White King, but with silver plumage, and brown bars on his wings. I also saw a huge bird, even bigger than the King, and of a magnificent red color. This bird was a Carno.

In another corner, there were a number of small white birds, who had odd, short bills and yellow eyes. These birds are called Barbs.

There were ever so many tiny Tumblers with short, curved beaks and feathers on their feet. Tumblers, like many other varieties, come in red, yellow, brown, black, blue, and white.

Then two more birds caught my attention. These were a pair of red pigeons, with feathers on their feet, and pure white wings. I was told that they were Whitesides.

In another room there were dozens of Homers, or Homing pigeons. They too, were of all colors. Homers come in two sizes, racing and show sizes. The show birds are, in general, a bit larger than those used for racing.

I turned about reluctantly, for it was time to go. I had learned more in one afternoon about pigeons than I would learn in a year by staying at home and watching my own feathered pets.

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Sailor (who stutters): "P-p-please, Sir."

Captain: "That's all right, my lad; if you can't say it, sing it."

Sailor: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind,

The bloomin' cook fell overboard;

He's twenty miles behind."

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You kick him, Bill, my shoes are Cowards.

## LOOKING AHEAD

WILLIAM MACALPINE, '37

It is necessary at sometime in everyone's life for him to choose his life work.

Perhaps the best time for us to think of this is upon entering high school, but it becomes more necessary as the last few years of high school slip away from us and we find ourselves upon the threshold of a new sphere, that of becoming citizens. It is advisable for us all to pause for a short time and ask ourselves what we are going to do for the welfare of the town, state, and nation. Here we have a great country, stronger because of the persistency of its people, better because of its well-educated people, and for ever endurable because of liberal-minded people.

Are we, those who are about to enter into the citizenship of this country, going to be a help or a hindrance to it. Those who have already taken that step are the ones we must look at to judge whether we wish to be as they are or whether we ought to become stronger and better citizens. There are some who demand support of the government; there are others who struggle upward to the top of the ladder and gain for themselves the respect and admiration of the nation. It is not a problem that requires long hours of study but one that even the youngest in the school is able to answer.

And so with this in mind, let us who are now in school try to plan wisely for the future.

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## AN OPEN FIREPLACE

ALLYN LUMBERT, '37

An open fireplace seems to most people a welcome source of heat, warmth, and comfort, but it seems to the person who builds the fires a great deal of work with no accomplishment. Late in the evening the person thinks to himself that he ought to build a fire in the fireplace and foster the happy home spirit, but he soon regrets it.

He goes downstairs to get the wood he has chopped before hand, only to find that Junior has made boats of it, and all he sees is an armada in the wash tub. So after a battle with the axe and logs, he comes slowly up the stairs with a fresh pile of wood. Now, to build the fire is all that is needed to get that welcome glow of comfort. After he has turned his shirt black, singed his eyebrows, and obtained several burnt fingers, he has a fire built.

All he has to do now is to wash up, change his shirt, and bandage his fingers, and then he may sit down and enjoy the fire. He cleans himself up and joins the family, but finds the room too hot for his perspiring body and so goes out to cool off.



## LIFE IN A TOWN DUMP

POLLY SMITH, '36

All was quiet around the town dump. Suddenly an old rocking chair without any back began rocking very agitatedly, back and forth, back and forth.

"What is the matter?" asked his next door neighbor, an old black teakettle.

"Woe is me!" the rocking chair answered. "Would you like to hear the story of how I happened to come here to live?"

Tires, old cars, tin cans and everything came clattering up to hear the rocking chair.

"A—hem! Well, it was like this," began the rocking chair.

"Like what?" interrupted an old tomato can.

"Don't interrupt him. It isn't polite," admonished a flat tire.

"A year ago I was considered a fine old antique and—" resumed the rocking chair.

"What is an antique?" interrupted the tomato can. He started to say more but was squelched by a look from the tire.

"Mr. Rocking Chair, please go on," begged his attentive audience.

"As I said, I was a valuable antique. My home was in an old farmhouse up in Barre. There were no children around so I led a very comfortable life."

"Too bad there weren't," murmured the tomato can in a low voice.

"If you don't keep still, I'll invite that old shoe over here to kick you away," threatened the tire.

"Is that so?" answered the tomato can, but it was noticed that except for an occasional remark he kept still.

"The farmer and his wife, who owned many antiques, put up a sign outside the house, 'Antiques For Sale.' One day a big shiny car stopped in the street in front of the house. An elderly man and his wife stepped out. I heard them explain to the farmer that they were very much interested in antiques. Ten minutes later they came into the room where I was. They poked around for awhile and then the wife saw me.

"What an adorable chair!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Henry, look!"

"What a disappointment he must have got!" murmured the tomato can. Everyone immediately looked daggers at him and one or two others snickered. That didn't jar the tomato can in the least and to show how much he was impressed, he began to whistle carelessly.

"If you want to buy the chair, why go ahead," said the man.

"So they bought me. They finally parked me in the back of the car and off we went. We arrived at their large home in Boston late that night, and I was glad to get out of the back of the car because they had me in it upside down and I was exceedingly uncomfortable. My back ached and one of my arms hurt and the other one was all cramped up and had gone

to sleep. Woe was me!"

And the rocking chair again began to rock back and forth as he remembered that frightful ride. The audience looked very sympathetic. They tried to console him and when they got him quieted down, they asked him to continue.

"The next thing I knew, the servants came out and carried me inside. They deposited me inside a big room and left me there. For several weeks I stayed there, leading a very happy existence. But one day the house was in an uproar. The servants were busy scurrying here and there and the mistress was giving orders right and left. My mistress came over and sat 'in my lap'."

To the sympathetic listeners' amazement, the poor chair broke into sobs at this point.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! That was the beginning of my downfall," the poor thing wailed. "O-o-o D-e-a-rrr!" He rocked and rocked.

"Her husband was sitting in an opposite chair. I heard her say that Count Derwhishkey was coming for a visit and that she expected him there that night," said the chair.

"Bet he wasn't a real count," said the tomato can.

"For once you've interrupted too much," broke in the tire. Calling Oscar, the shoe, over he said, "Oscar, please kick him away. He's always interrupting."

Oscar, hating to do anything like work, refused. The tomato can moved over near a nail, and the tire, being rather afraid of nails and having a healthy respect for them, decided that they would have to put up with the tomato can.

"Count Derwhishkey arrived that night," the story-teller said.

At this point the chair visibly gave a shudder and all his friends shuddered in sympathy.

"Half an hour later he spied me and so, of course, he had to pick on me to sit on. The count was by no means small—in fact, he looked as if he weighed a couple of tons. After he sat on me, crack went my back. My legs got weak and I thought that I was going to pass out of the picture. My back was broken!"

There was a loud laugh, and everyone frowned at the tomato can. The old flat tire was too absorbed in the chair's story to have heard him and so no one said anything.

"The next day my mistress decided that she would have to give me a decent burial. She had the servants bring me down here to the dump and leave me here with you folks. Well, it's been a hard life! Oh hum! I guess that I'll go to bed," the rocking chair said. And rocking itself for awhile, it soon was sound asleep.

The rocking chair must have been very tired indeed because it slept until noontime the next day. But when it opened its eyes, it was surprised to see two men standing over him.

"I believe it could be fixed up," said one of the men. The other

noded in agreement.

The next thing the poor chair knew was that it was being carried to a car. Then the chair's second journey by car started. It was a short drive, and an hour later the car drew up in front of a big home. A man was soon brought out to look at the chair.

"Why, it's a real Chippendale. Where on earth did you get it!" exclaimed the man.

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## EXCHANGES

MARY SEXTON, '36

The "*Acadia*"—Polytechnic High School, Long Beach, California, December 1935.

Congratulations to the "Writers' Club" for a well balanced magazine! May your success continue. Your poets deserve many compliments for their outstanding work. What about your jokes? Where are your humorous students?

The "*Brocktonia*"—Brockton High School, Brockton, Massachusetts, March 1936.

A worthy newspaper-type production. "Aunt Heliotope's Advice" is no doubt profitable to her many readers. Your poets' column is exceptional.

The "*Abhis*"—Abington High School, Abington, Massachusetts.

Your spring issue is small but condensed and to the point. The cross word puzzle of "*Abhis*" is a clever piece of art and much credit is due the editor.

"*Lasell Leaves*"—Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Boston, Massachusetts, March 1936.

We consider this magazine one of the finest we have received. You have a good and large variety of short stories.

The "*Wampatuck*"—Braintree High School, Braintree, Massachusetts, February 1936.

Your school certainly has an excellent group of poets. Your student calendar is very original and clever.

The "*Patridge*"—Duxbury High School, Duxbury, Massachusetts, November 22, 1936.

This paper is published eight times a year. Your editorials are well written and interesting.

The "*Eastoner*"—Oliver Ames High School, North Easton, Massachusetts.

"Through the Keyhole" by the secret editor is very amusing. Your jokes and sketches are a fine piece of art.

## THE GRADUATES

### ABBOTT, CHASE

Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Interclass Football 3-4, Stage Manager Interclass Play 3, Stage Manager Senior Class Play 4.  
Intended Vocation—Diesel Engineer.

### BROWN, GORHAM

Transferred from Duxbury High School.  
President of Class 4, Managing Editor of School Paper 3, Editor-in-Chief of School Paper 4, (while in Duxbury High).  
Intended Vocation—Aviator.

### BYRON, REGINA

Transferred from Concord High School.  
Vice President of Athletic Association 2, Secretary of Class 4, Hockey 2-3-4, Captain of Hockey Team 4, Interclass Hockey 4, Interclass Basketball 2-3-4, Baseball 2-4, Tennis 3-4, Cheer Leader 3-4, Glee Club 4, Joke Editor of "CHIMES" 2, Sports Editor of "CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Private Secretary.

### CAHIR, ANNA

Interclass Basketball 1-2, Orchestra 1-2-3-4, Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Assistant Business Manager of "CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Private Secretary.

### CUNNINGHAM, CLAIRE

Basketball 2, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, Interclass Hockey 4, Glee Club 1-2, Class Editor of "CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Private Secretary.

### CURRAN, JOSEPH

President of Class 2, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, Football 3, Basketball 3, Glee Club 1.  
Intended Vocation—Banker.

### DAMON, ROGER

Football 4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, Glee Club 1-2-3.  
Intended Vocation—Business.



## THE GRADUATES

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### DUVAL, HENRY

President of Class 3, Treasurer of Class 4, Football 2-3-4, Baseball Manager 2, Glee Club 2-3, Orchestra 2-3, Dramatics 3, Senior Class Play 4.  
Intended Vocation—Naval Engineer.

### DWYER, GERARD

Football 3, Baseball 3-4, Basketball 3-4, Class Basketball 1-2-3, Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Dramatics 4.  
Intended Vocation—Machinist.

### DWYER, JOHN

Football 2-3-4, Basketball 3-4, Interclass Basketball 1-2, Glee Club 1.  
Intended Vocation—Machinist.

### FALLON, FRANCES

Interclass Basketball 1, Hockey 4, Assistant Editor of "CHIMES" 4, Glee Club 2-4, Senior Class Play 4.  
Intended Vocation—Interior Decorator.

### FLAHERTY, KATHRYN

Class Treasurer 1, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Hockey Manager 4, Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Class Editor of "CHIMES" 1, Exchange Editor of "CHIMES" 3, Editor-in-Chief of "CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Buyer.

### FORTIER, EDMUND

Intended Vocation—Business.

### FRANCIS, ROBERT

Secretary of Class 2, President of Athletic Association 4, Football 2-3-4, Baseball 3-4, Captain of Football Team 4, Captain of Baseball Team 4, Interclass Basketball 4.  
Intended Vocation—Business.



## THE GRADUATES

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### FREEMAN, BLANCHE

Glee Club 3-4.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.

### GERACOS, HELEN

Transferred from Central High School, Newark,  
New Jersey.

Intended Vocation—Dress Designer.

### GUNTHER, JOHANNA

Glee Club 1-4, Baseball 4, Interclass Basketball  
1-2-3-4, Senior Class Play 4.

Intended Vocation—Domestic Arts Teacher.

### HANDS, JAMES

Orchestra 1-2-3-4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4,  
Football 3, Senior Class Play 4, Dramatics 3.

Intended Vocation—Airplane Mechanic.

### HENDRICKSON, WILLIAM

Vice President of Class 3, Interclass Basketball  
1-2, Football 3-4, Baseball 3-4, Basketball 4,  
Class Editor of "CHIMES" 3, Senior Class Play 4.

Intended Vocation—Mechanical Engineer.

### HERBERT, DOROTHY

Glee Club 1-2-4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.

### JACKSON, CATHERINE

Transferred from Baldwin High School, Baldwin,  
Long Island, New York.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.

## THE GRADUATES

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### KENT, VIRGINIA

Interclass Basketball 2-3-4, Interclass Hockey 4,  
Dramatic Editor of "CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Writer.

### LITCHFIELD, PRISCILLA

Secretary of Class 1, Glee Club 1-4, Interclass  
Basketball 1-2-3-4, Baseball 4, Joke Editor of  
"CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Stenographer.

### MacDONALD, RICHARD

President of Class 1-4, Treasurer of Class 2-3,  
Football 3, Basketball 3-4, Captain of Basket-  
ball Team 4, Assistant Business Manager of  
"CHIMES" 3, Business Manager of "CHIMES" 4,  
Dramatics 3-4.  
Intended Vocation—Chemist.

### MACOMBER, MARION

Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Dramatics 3, Literary Editor  
of "CHIMES" 4, Senior Class Play 4.  
Intended Vocation—Chiroprapist.

### MERRITT, LAWRENCE

Glee Club 4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, As-  
sistant Manager of Baseball Team 3.  
Intended Vocation—Farmer.

### RIANI, CATHERINE

Glee Club 1-4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4,  
Interclass Hockey 4, Baseball 3-4, Joke Editor  
of "CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Stenographer.

### SAMPSON, ALICE

Glee Club 1-2-4, Assistant Basketball Manager  
4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, Hockey 4, Sen-  
ior Class Play 4, Dramatic Editor of "CHIMES"  
4.  
Intended Vocation—Life Saving and Swimming  
Instructor.

## THE GRADUATES

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### SEXTON, MARY

Glee Club 2-1, Senior Class Play 4, Exchange  
Editor of "CHIMES" 4.  
Intended Vocation—Social Worker.

### SMITH, MIRIAM

Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Orchestra 4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4.  
Intended Vocation—Secretary.

### STEVENS, VIRGINIA

Secretary of Class 3, Vice President of Class 4,  
Secretary of Athletic Association 1, Hockey 1-2-3-4, Basketball 1-2-3-4, Baseball 1-2-3-4, Assistant and Editor of "CHIMES" 3, Editor-in-Chief of "CHIMES" 4, Captain of Basketball Team 4.  
Intended Vocation—Interior Decorator.

### STOKES, ESTHER

Intended Vocation—Stenographer.

### TURNER, JOHN

Vice President of Class 2, Glee Club 3-4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Basketball 4, Senior Class Play 4.  
Intended Vocation—Marine Engineer.



# School Notes

## OFFICERS OF ORGANIZATIONS

### SENIOR CLASS

President: Richard MacDonald  
Vice President: Virginia Stevens  
Secretary: Regina Byron  
Treasurer: Henry Duval  
Class Adviser: Miss Dudley

### JUNIOR CLASS

President: Dudley Wade  
Vice President: Herbert Hands  
Secretary: Margaret Soule  
Treasurer: Grace Reynolds  
Class Adviser: Mr. Stewart

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

President: George Dwyer  
Vice President: Arthur MacAlpine  
Secretary: Dorothy Gordon  
Treasurer: Jeanne Stickle  
Class Adviser: Miss Fisk

### FRESHMAN CLASS

President: Angelo Foniri  
Vice President: Joseph Driscoll  
Secretary: Jean Francis  
Treasurer: Edward Meany  
Class Adviser: Mr. Sandberg

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President: Robert Francis  
Vice President: Joan Breen  
Secretary: Joseph Driscoll  
Treasurer: Miss Dudley

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Manager: Virginia Zucker  
Asst. Manager: Madeleine Bailey  
Captain: Virginia Stevens

### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Manager: Daniel Queeney  
Asst. Manager: Thomas Ewell  
Captain: Richard MacDonald

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## NEW ARRIVALS

The following are new arrivals at Scituate High: Miriam Baker, Gorham Brown, Vincent Elkind, Robert Flynn, Helen Geracos, Grace Moffitt, Frank and Theodore Shea, Jeanne Stickle, Edward Meany, and Virginia Thompson.

We are also glad to welcome to our teaching staff Mr. Frederick A. Calkin, principal; Miss Elizabeth M. Belkus, commercial teacher; and Mr. C. O. Atkinson, teacher of business arithmetic and ancient history.



## AWARDS

The following have received certificates from the Gregg Publishing Company for passing a Theory Test:

Blanche Freeman  
Priscilla Litchfield  
Kathryn Flaherty  
Catherine Jackson  
Anne Cahir  
Marion Macomber

John Stone  
Helen Geracos  
Esther Stokes  
Virginia Stevens  
Mary Sexton  
Catherine Riani

The following have received Gregg Transcription Test Certificates, having written at a rate of sixty words a minute for five minutes and transcribed the notes neatly and accurately on the typewriter:

Virginia Stevens  
Anne Cahir  
Priscilla Litchfield  
John Stone  
Marion Macomber

Blanche Freeman  
Catherine Riani  
Catherine Jackson  
Mary Sexton  
Helen Geracos

The following have received Gregg Transcription Test Certificates, having written at a rate of eighty words a minute for five minutes and transcribed the notes neatly and accurately on the typewriter:

Priscilla Litchfield

John Stone

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

The Senior High, together with the Junior High School, met in the auditorium in November to enjoy the Armistice Day program. The speaker was William Bartlett, past-commander of the American Legion.

The football team enjoyed a banquet given in their honor at the end of the season. The speakers were Chief-of-Police Stewart, Selectman Vines, Coach Stewart, Doctor Alexander, Principal Calkin, and a number of the boys on the squad.

A benefit moving picture was given in November, "This is the Life," featuring Jane Withers.

Another moving picture was given in March for the benefit of the Athletic Association and Assembly Fund.

At the Christmas assembly four students talked on "Christmas in Other Lands." These speakers were Kathryn Flaherty, Madeleine Bailey, John Driscoll, and Edward Meany.

In February we were very fortunate in having a Hindu, J. Vinayak Bhambal, a native of India, speak to us on "India as a Hindu Sees It." This talk was illustrated by pictures.



Mr. E. R. Clarke, superintendent of the Winthrop Schools and former principal of Scituate High School, talked to us in an assembly about experiences he has had in our school and in other schools.

There have been three dances for the members of the Athletic Association.

CLAIRE CUNNINGHAM, '36

LOIS HOLLAND, '37

THEODORE VINAL, '38

DAVID COLEMAN, '39

---

## ORCHESTRA NEWS

Starting in September with several new members, the orchestra is again proving itself to be one of the strong assets of the high school programs.

It is composed at present of seven violins, the players being Anne Cahir, Lois Holland, Mary Hill, Margaret Pierce, Mary Pierce, Marguerite Fleming, and Jean Cole; three trumpeters, Doris Simmons, Ellsworth Calkins, and Richard Fleming; one saxophone player, James Hands; two baritones, Francis Litchfield and Robert Brand; and last but not least—the drummer, Miriam Baker.

A few days before the Christmas holidays the orchestra played on the evening when the Tri-Town plays were presented in our high school. The following selections were chosen for this occasion: "Overture Mignonette," "Valse," "The First Smile," and the well-known "March Militaire." Everyone agreed that the music added to the enjoyment of the evening's entertainment. The orchestra was called upon later to aid in a program for the Parent-Teacher Association and played two marches, "NC4" and "Vienna Forever."

The orchestra also played for the annual senior class play. Among other numbers played for this occasion was a selection from "Carmen," the great opera by Bizet.

DORIS SIMMONS, '37

---

I had a girl named Nina  
Her father's name was Cloc  
So every time I had a date  
It was for Nina Cloc.

---

Cay: "How did you happen to become a chiropodist?"

Marion: "Oh, I always was at the foot of the class, so I just naturally drifted into this profession."

## PERSONALS

*Esther Spear* has not been absent, tardy or dismissed from school for nine years.

*Chase Abbott* has built a midget racer and is looking forward to competing in some of the midget races in the eastern part of the country.

*James Hands* has broken his collarbone four times.

In a tennis tournament held last fall, *Rose O'Neil* won the girls' championship and *Vincent Elkind* won the boys' championship.

*Dorothy Hardcastle* won first award in the Children's Class for showing dogs at the Hamilton Kennel Club Show in August.

"Sunny," a pomeranian dog which is *Virginia Nary's* pride, won first prize in the Woman's Club dog show in 1935.

*John Driscoll*, a member of the Sophomore class, has been an "A" pupil all the year.

Last summer *Peggy Crowley* and *Virginia Young* rescued from the water a boy who had fallen from the town pier. He was dazed from injuries received on his head while falling.

*Theodore Sorensen* used to be a choir boy and is going to resume his vocal lessons as soon as possible.

*Marilyn Logan*, who is now a sophomore, has not missed a day of school since the sixth grade.

*Marie LaVoine* won a science book in a class contest held by Mr. Gillespie.

*Margaret Fallon* is raising an alligator which came from the South. His diet consists of raw hamburg and fish.

*Jeanne Stickle* took part in a dance recital in Weymouth on April 22.

*Joan Breen* received the honor of winning a doll carriage parade when she was six years old.

The girls of the household arts class of last year held a dressmaking contest. The winners were *Pauline Fitts*, first prize; *Louise Sylvester*, second prize; and *Mary Patterson*, third prize.

*Donald Pitkin* had the privilege in 1928 of seeing "The Passion Play" in Austria.

*Joan Breen* and *Virginia Stevens* went in swimming on February 11.

*John Fitzpatrick* has won many prizes at the Scituate Country Club for his skill as a golfer. In 1933 and 34 he received a silver cup for being the best caddy golfer. He has also received various other prizes awarded by the professionals.

*Bernard McKenzie* spends all his spare time building airplanes. He has a large collection, some of which he has shown in his science class. He entered a model airplane contest in Chicago and won a medal and an airplane kit.

*Alice Sampson* is going to a camp this summer to help instruct in swimming and life saving. She has passed her Senior Life Saving test for two years.

*Edward Meany's* favorite hobby is stamp collecting. He has four hundred stamps from fifty odd countries and possessions.

*Phillips Weeks* has the autograph of one of the three men who rescued Admiral Byrd from his solitary base in the Antarctic. He also has autographs of Amory H. Waite and a colonel in the Royal Russian Air Force.

*George Secor* won a medal for the best garden and the best looking vegetables in the Four-H Club last fall.

*Margaret Pierce* won \$1.50 at an amateur program by playing her violin.

*Bertram Himes*, it is reported, was the star crooner in the Pittsfield Junior High School.

*Frank Shea* and a Brookline boy have formed a partnership raising chickens. They have taken many prizes at poultry and agricultural shows.

*Gilman Wilder* took a trip to New York by bicycle last summer, riding right to Times Square.

*William MacAlpine* placed his beagle in the Hingham Sportsmen's Club field trial and he received first prize.

*Arthur MacAlpine* has a collection of butterflies which is very large. It includes 10 boxes of moths and butterflies. Each box contains at least a hundred specimens.

*Allyn Lumbert* recently exhibited at the North Scituate library the following airplane models he had made: Curtis A-8 Attack, Northrop Flying Wing, Curtis Helldiver, Hawker Fury, Monocoupe, Laird Super Solution.

---

"Dearest, a little bird told me you were going to buy me a diamond brooch for my birthday."

"It must have been a little cuckoo."

— — —

Mother: "You were a good girl not to throw your banana skins down in the train. Did you put them in your bag?"

Jean: "No, I put them in the gentleman's pocket who was sitting next to me."

— — —

Miss Dudley: "Now, Roger, use 'disguise' in a sentence."

Roger: "Dis guy's me brudder."

— — —

"Why do you use such a long cigarette holder?" asked Jack.

"Because the doctor told me to keep away from tobacco." replied Joe.

— — —

Judge (in dentist chair): "Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"



# SPORTS.



## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The hockey team had a good season, losing only two games. They were victorious over their old rival, Marshfield, in a return game with a 2-0 victory.

Those receiving letters were: Capt. Regina Byron, manager; Kathryn Flaherty, Virginia Stevens, Elizabeth Damon, Alice Sampson, Virginia Young, Joan Breen, Pauline Shone, Rita Servant, Mary Patterson, Margaret Soule, and Margaret Crowley.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Plymouth 1—Scituate 1

Marshfield 0—Scituate 2

Hingham 0—Scituate 0

Bingham 1—Scituate 0

Hanover 0—Scituate 3

Hanover 0—Scituate 1

Marshfield 2—Scituate 0



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The basketball team this year consisted of all new material and did not make as good a record as that of previous years. However next year the same players will be together and will undoubtedly produce a better team.

The following won letters: Captain Virginia Stevens, Manager Virginia Zucker, Virginia Young, Barbara Burrows, Jeanne Stickle, Margaret Soule, and Rose O'Neil.

The tennis team promises to be very successful this year as in previous years. The same girls who played last year will compose the team: Rose O'Neil, Virginia Young, Regina Byron, Margaret Soule, and Esther Spear.

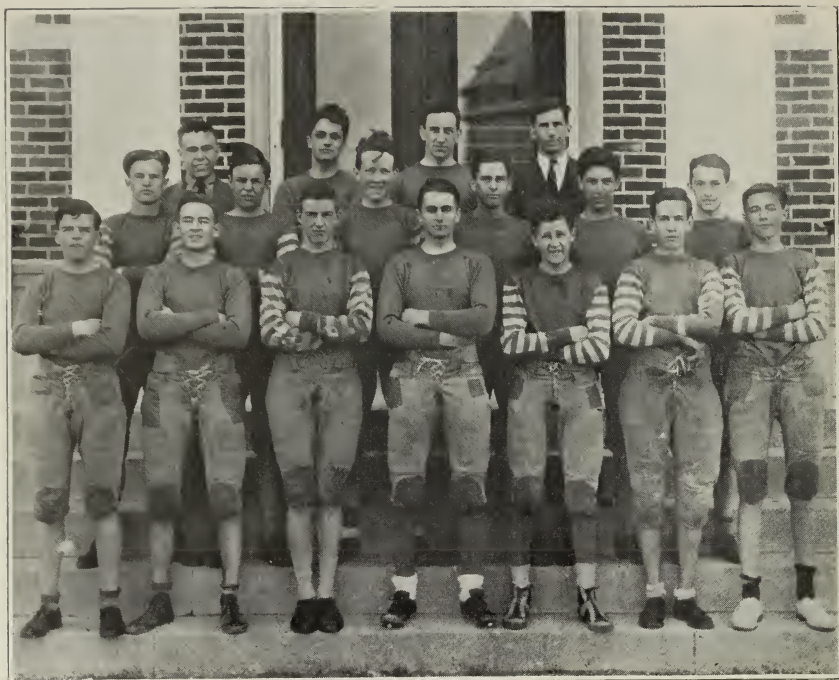
The tennis tournament of last fall was won by Rose O'Neil; the runner-up was Regina Byron.

The baseball teams of the last two years have won every game they have played. We hope to continue this good record.

This year's team is composed of Virginia Young, Virginia Zucker, Alice Manley, Rita Servant, Regina Byron, Marjorie Litchfield, Catherine Riani, Barbara Burrows, Joan Breen, Margaret Crowley and Marilyn Logan.

REGINA BYRON. '36





FOOTBALL TEAM



BASEBALL TEAM

## BOYS' ATHLETICS

### FOOTBALL

The football season may have been a poor one in respect to games won and lost, but it was a good one in respect to the amount of fight shown by the team.

Very few of the regulars will be lost by graduation so that next year should yield the best team in several years.

John Dwyer and Herbert Hands suffered the only injuries.

The game with Marshfield was won by Marshfield for the first time in seven years.

Hugh Walsh is captain-elect for next year.

The letter men were Captain R. Francis, Manager J. Queeney, J. Dwyer, J. White, J. Morton, T. Sorensen, H. Hands, H. Duval, H. Walsh, W. MacAlpine, A. MacAlpine, R. Damon, L. Gates, W. Hendrickson.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate 0—Bridgewater 26	Scituate 0—Franklin 26
Scituate 6—Cohasset 7	Scituate 6—Foxboro 0
Scituate 0—Middleboro 13	Scituate 0—Alumni 12
Scituate 13 Hanover 6	Scituate 0—Marshfield 20

### BASKETBALL

The basketball team had a successful season this year. Most of the teams they played were very strong, and the games were close. Very few of this year's regulars will be lost by graduation. The lettermen were Captain R. MacDonald, Manager D. Queeney, J. Steverman, J. Dwyer, W. Hendrickson, J. White, G. Dwyer, A. MacAlpine, B. Himes, J. Turner, J. Fitzpatrick.

Scores were as follows:

*Scituate 18—Alumni 12	*Scituate 17—Norwell 25
Scituate 11—Kingston 17	*Scituate 27—Kingston 33
*Scituate 36—Pembroke 31	Scituate 12—Marshfield 29
Scituate 27—Duxbury 32	Scituate 32—Pembroke 41
*Scituate 26—Marshfield 30	*Scituate 49—Duxbury 16
*Scituate 17—Norwell 25	*Scituate 16—Norwell 31

\*Home games.

### BASEBALL

The outlook for this season's baseball team is good.

Some of the lettermen of last year's team are back and much new material is being developed.

The fellows out for the team are R. Francis, E. Meany, T. Ewell, A. Damon, R. Brand, A. MacAlpine, L. Gates, H. Hands, R. Hunter, R. Ewell,

R. Jenkins, R. McCormack, T. Shea, P. Weeks, P. Harrigan, A. Foniri, L. Merritt, G. Secor, G. Yenetchi, J. Fitzpatrick, S. Barber, J. Anderson, R. Chessia, J. White, A. Zollin, J. Dwyer, G. Dwyer, W. Hendrickson, A. Hernan.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

- \*Scituate vs. Cohasset—May 1
- Scituate vs. Marshfield—May 8
- Scituate vs. Hanover—May 15
- \*Scituate vs. Kingston—May 22
- \*Scituate vs. Pembroke—May 26
- Scituate vs. Norwell—May 29, 6 P. M.
- \*Scituate vs. Duxbury—June 5

\*Home games.

HUGH WALSH, '37



BASKETBALL TEAM





# DRAMA

## TRI-TOWN DRAMATIC CONTEST

Last fall Norwell, Hanover and Scituate High Schools competed in a one-act play contest. The plays were presented one night in each town with the audiences as the sole judges. The prize was a silver cup, which was to be kept by any school that won it for three years in succession.

Norwell gave "While The Toast Burns," by Mae Clark Werts. Hanover's selection was "About Candlelight Time," by Dorothy C. Allen. Scituate presented "The Valiant," by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass.

That Scituate had the outstanding play and presentation was the audiences' verdict and the victorious players brought home the cup. The leading roles in this production were exceptionally well acted.

The play was coached by Miss Nancy Fisk. The cast was as follows:

Warden Holt, about 60 .....	William Sexton
Father Daly, prison chaplain .....	Richard MacDonald
James Dyke, the prisoner.....	Raymond Zucker
Josephine Paris, the girl, about 18 .....	Jean Francis
Dan, a jailer.....	Gerard Dwyer
An attendant .....	Hugh Walsh
Prompter.....	Grace Reynolds
Stage Managers	

Margaret Soule, Madeleine Bailey, Henry Duval

Stage settings were under the direction of Mrs. Ward, supervisor of art.

## HUCKLEBERRY FINN

"Huckleberry Finn" dramatized by Roy F. Lewis, and based on the book by Samuel Clemens, was given by the Senior Class on Friday night, April 17. It was produced by special arrangement with the Northwestern Press, Minneapolis, Minn. As this is a Samuel Clemens anniversary year, this play was considered an appropriate choice.

The cast consisted of the following:

Aunt Polly (Mariah Watson) who is <i>so nervous</i> ..	Marion Macomber
Ruth Watson, her sister .....	Kathryn Flaherty
Mary Jane, their young niece .....	Mary Sexton

Fred Raymond, in love with Ruth .....	James Hands
Melba White, colored maid at Watson's .....	Alice Sampson
Clara Woppinger, Deaconess of the church .....	Johanna Gunther
Amy Woppinger, her irrepressible sister .....	Frances Fallon
Huckleberry Finn, who loves to play pranks .....	John Turner
Tom Sawyer, Huck's pal and comrade .....	William Hendrickson
John Finn, Huck's father .....	Henry Duval
Stage Manager .....	Chase Abbott
Prompter .....	Regina Byron
Property Manager .....	Regina Byron

The scenery was made by the following members of the class: Chase Abbott, Roger Damon, Gerard Dwyer and James Hands, under the direction of Mr. Sandberg. The play was coached by Miss Nancy Fisk. Mrs. Ward supervised the scenery.

Music for both occasions was provided by the school orchestra, under the direction of Miss Jeanne Bradford.

VIRGINIA KENT, '36

ALICE SAMPSON, '36

---

### Just Imagine

An all "A" report card from the Senior Class.  
 Miss Belkus not giving homework.  
 "Muggsie" being quiet and attentive.  
 Polly and Barbara being on time for school.  
 The Senior typewriting class typing 80 words a minute.  
 "Mutt" on Major Bowes' hour.  
 "Jo" Gunther feeling sad.  
 "Barney" not singing.  
 A quiet lunch hour.  
 "Kay" Flaherty not in the class play.  
 Mr. Stewart teaching music.  
 Blanche Freeman getting fat.  
 A certain five Senior girls doing their history.  
 Mr. Gillespie not being everywhere.  
 "Jack" Stone without his bicycle.  
 "Ginny" Stevens and "Dotty" Clapp not talking about horses.  
 The Driscoll boys remembering their lunches.  
 "Frannie" discussing economic problems.  
 "Billy" staying home nights.  
 Mr. Sandberg being cross.  
 "Kay" without Priscilla.  
 Jack Turner six feet tall.  
 "Ray" and "Gil" not talking about girls.  
 Chase Abbott with small feet.

JUST TWO OF THE FLOOD VICTIMS.





## CLASS OF 1935

Dorothy Clapp, Walter Cogswell, John Stone, Gilman Wilder and Raymond Zucker are taking postgraduate courses at Scituate High School. Donald Bangs is working at Bearce's Food Store.

Jeanne Bresnahan is now working for John L. Smith at Scituate Harbor.

Laura Cogswell has a position with Street & Company, Boston, Mass.

Charles Connolly is employed by his father.

Rosalie Creelman is attending Wellesley College.

Lois Dolan is working at North Scituate.

Alden Finnie is attending Franklin Institute.

Horace Fishwick is working in the garage at Longwood Towers.

Julia Fitts and Kay Lonergan commute daily to Bryant & Stratton School.

Isaiah Lincoln is working for the Plymouth Garage as a car salesman.

Joseph McLean is attending Bridgton Academy and has recently been elected baseball manager for the coming season.

Eileen Neuhausel is spending the year with her mother in Washington. We understand that she is enjoying some very fine social gatherings there.

Jane Pitkin is enrolled at Smith College. We hear that Jane is active in sports while attending college.

Ruth Powers has a steady position with a Scituate family.

Eleanor Reid is living in Dorchester with her mother and also has a position there.

Rose Riani has been working for a family at North Scituate and will resume her duties with them soon.

Kathryn Shea is about to go in training at the Webber Hospital, Biddeford, Maine.

William Steverman is working for his father. We have heard that he is going to run the farm this summer.

Alice Stewart and Margaret Enos attend B. U.

Ruth Stonefield is attending the Boston Girls' Trade School.

"Red" Studley is now a car salesman for R. J. Condon Company of Rockland.

Ruth Woodward is now Mrs. Sidney Radcliffe, Jr.

## CLASS OF 1934

Lorraine Abbott is working for Mrs. Pratt.

Anne Brophy and June Hendrickson are attending Bryant & Stratton School.

Rosemary Byron is working at the Scituate Telephone Exchange.

Thomas Curran is working at the A. & P. store at North Scituate.

Vincent Dwyer is employed at the Fore River shipyard.

Arthur Finnie is working for the Hill Egg Farm in Egypt and is also in business for himself.

Elizabeth Eason is attending Radcliffe College.

Lester Gates is attending Brown University.

Garrison Hall is now a sophomore at Harvard University.

Peter Jakubens is enrolled at Wentworth Institute.

Gertrude Reynolds is attending Boston University.

Edith Russell is working in Quincy.

Ronald Shone is working in the library at M. I. T.

Chet Stone is employed by The Welch Co. at the Harbor.

Gerald Schultz is driving his father's oil truck.

Ruth Spear was elected president of the newly-organized Junior Woman's Club.

Virginia Walsh has a position with the Massachusetts Bond and Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

Carol Vollmer is a sophomore at State Teachers College, Bridgewater.

## CLASS OF 1933

Virginia Bonney is now training in St. Luke's Hospital, New York City.

Paul Bresnahan has a position at his father's drug store.

Eugene MacDonald is working at Fore River shipyard.

Marguerite McCaffrey is enrolled as a junior at Simmons College.

Dorothy Merrill is taking a course at the Fay School in Boston.

Ellen Merritt is working at The Welch Co. and is also corresponding secretary of the Junior Woman's Club.

Lloyd Merritt is working for his father.

Charles Schultz has a position with his father.

Helen Spear is now married to Maynard Huntley.

Mary Sweeney is attending the Sargent School of Physical Education. She is now in her third year and recently refereed one of our basketball games.

Eleanor Sylvester is working at the Scituate Telephone Exchange.

Churchill Webster is employed by his father.

Leola Taylor is working at the tailor shop at the Harbor.

Paul Young is still in his position as bookkeeper at Whittaker's Garage.

## CLASS OF 1932

Bobbie Breen is employed by his father.

Wilma Burbank is working for a family on Meeting House Lane.

Jimmie Cohen now has established a business of his own.

Virginia Cole has a position in the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Charles Colman is enrolled at Oberlin College, Ohio.

Elizabeth Cole is now personal secretary to Henry Litchfield.

Fred Dorr is working in Boston for an insurance company.

Maynard Huntley, who married Miss Helen Cushman Spear, is now in Wilmington, Ohio, doing engineering work and has been promoted several times for his fine work there.

Rene Jacobucci is working for Whiting Milk Co.

John Jakubens is manager of the Greenbush Grocery store. He is now recovering from a very serious illness.

Walter Jones was assistant "Pro" last summer at Stony Brae Golf Links.

Lois Lincoln is now married and is Mrs. Carl Bernard.

Carlton Merritt has been working on the Cape for a well-known construction company.

Stanley Murphy has transferred from Springfield College to Boston University.

Marion Perry is now Mrs. Gordon Charlton.

Donald Parsons is enrolled at Harvard Dental School.

Rosalind Stone is working for John M. Goodnow of Cornet Stetson Road.

Burchell Sweeney is attending Boston College.

Helen Viall is secretary of the Junior Woman's Club.

Robert Vinton is employed at the Fore River shipyard.

Hollis Young is working for his father.

DOROTHY ANN CLAPP, '35

JOHN STANLEY STONE, '35

---

"I never saw you smoke a cigar before."

"I just picked it up recently."

— — —

Mother: "Bobby, it's time for you to get ready for school. Have you washed your ears?"

Bobby: "I washed the one that's on the side next to where the teacher sits."



Maybe these jokes are old  
And should be on the shelf;  
But if you know any better  
Donate them yourself.

— — —

ALAS!

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

— — —

Even the best family tree has its sap.

— — —

Church is dull without a preacher;  
Movies are naught without a feature;  
Life is dull without a neighbor; but  
Class is joy without a teacher.

— — —

Tommy: "There's a girl at our school, Mama, who they call 'Post-script.' Do you know why?"

Mama: "No, dear."

Tommy: "Because her name is Adeline Moore."

— — —

Young Jimmy was pushing his baby sister's perambulator down the street.

"Hey, Jimmy," cried another urchin from across the street, "do you get paid for that?"

"Naw," replied Jimmy disgustedly. "This is a free wheeling job."

— — —

"Good morning, Mr. Cohen. Vat is upsetting you dis morning? You look worried."

"Yes, mine brother iz awful sick."

"Oh, is he?"

"No, Ikie."



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# Hugo

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